



TARLTONS

Newes out of *Purga-*
torie.

Onelye such a iest as his ligge,
fit for Gentlemen to laugh at
an houre, &c.

Published by an old companion of his,
Robin Goodfellow.



AT LONDON
Printed for Edward
White



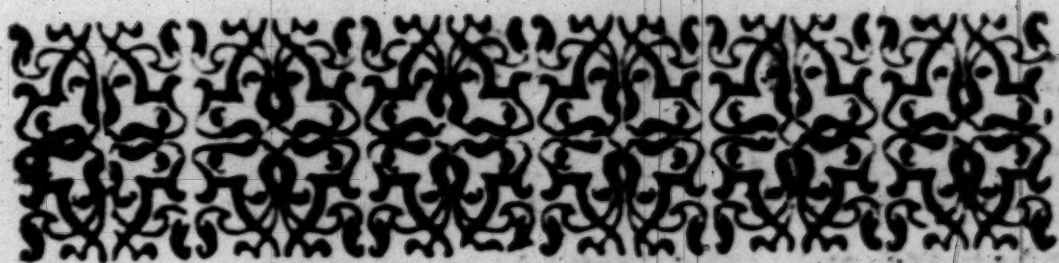
¶ To the Gentlemen Readers,
Health.

Gentlemen, the Horse when hee is firste handled to the warres, starteth at the crack of euery peece, and euery coucht Launce is a censure of death to a freshe water Souldier: So fareth it with mee, for neuer before beeing in print I start at the sight of the Presse, and hauing not dared to look into the open light, I feared with the Owle to flye before it be twy-light: yet I haue heard others whose bookes haue past your viewe, account you so fauourable, curteous and affable, shrouding euery scape with silence; that I presumed the rather to experience with them the hope of your fauours: which if I finde as they haue doon, though I be blinde Bayard, yet I will in the thickest of the mire plunge vp to the Saddle for your sakes. Virgill after he wrot his *Aeneidos*, wrote his *Culex*; and assaied in trifles before he attempted in Triumphes. Lucan wrot *Quædam Lirica*, before he began with *Bellum*

To the Reader.

per Emathios plusquam Ciuilia campos. Roome
was not builded on a day, and men that ven-
ter little, hazard little: So gentlemen, I present
you with a toy of Tarltons, called his newes
out of Purgatory; which I desire you accept
as curteously as I offer willing to please: thogh
they be *Crepundia*, yet readethem, and if you
finde any pleasant *Facetie*, or *Quicquid Salis*:
thinke all sauiorye, and so please without be-
ing satirically peremptorye: for Momus will
haue a mouth full of inuectiues, and Zoilus
should not be Zoilus if hee were not Squint
eyde. Therefore leauing their humours to the
wordmongers of malice, that like the Vi-
pers grew odious to their own kinde,
hoping of your curteous censure,
I bid you farewell.

Tarltons



¶ Tarltons Newes out of *Purgatory.*

Sorrowing as most men doe for the death of Richard Tarlton, in y^e his particular losse was a generall lament to all that coueted either to satisfie their eyes with his clownish gesture, or their ears with his witty iestes. The wanted desire to see plaies left me, in y^e although I saw as rare shewes, & heard as lofty verse, yet I moued not those wanted spoits that flowed from him as from a fontaine of pleasing & merry conceits. For although he was only superficially skilful in learning, hauing no more but a bare insight into the latin tongue, yet he had such a prompt wit, that he seemed to haue that *Salem ingenij*, which Tullie so highly commends in his *Oratorie*. Well, howsoeuer, either naturall, or arttificiall, or both: he was a mad merry companion, desired and loved of all: amongst the rest of whose wellwishers my selfe being not the least, after his death I mourned in conceite, and absented my selfe from all plaies, as wanting that merrye *Roscus* of *Plaiers*, that famosed all *Comedies* so with his pleasant and extempore all inuention: yet at last, as the longest *Summer* day hath his night, so this dumpe had an end: and so forth vpon whitson monday last I would needs to the Theatre to see a play: where when I came. I founde such concourse of brutish people, that I thought it better solitary to walk in the fields, then to intermeddle my selfe amongst such a great presse. Feeding mine humour

Tarltons Newes

with this fancie I slept by dame Anne of Clères well, & went by the backside of Hogsdon: where finding the Sun to be hotte, and seeing a faire tree that had a coole shade, I sat me downe to take the aire, where after I had rested me a while I fell a sleepe: As thus I lay in a slumber, me thought I sawe one attired in russet with a buttond cap on his head, a great bag by his side, & a strong bat in his hand, so artificially attired for a Clowne, as I began to call Tarltons wonted shape to remembrance, as he drew moze nere, and he came within the compasse of mine eye, so iudge it was no other but the verie ghost of Richard Tarlton, which pale and wan sat him down by me on the grasse. I that knew him to be dead, at this sodaine sight fell into a great feare, insomuch that I sweat in my sleep: which he perceiuing, with his wonted countenance full of smiles began to comfort me thus What elde acquaintance, a man or a mouse? Hast thou not heard me verifie, that a souldier is a souldier if he haue but a blew hole on his head? Feare not me man, I am but Dick Tarlton that coulde quaint it in the Court, and clowne it on the Stage: that had a quarte of wine for my friend, & a sword for my foe: who hurt none being alive, and will not prejudice any being dead: for although thou see me heere in likeness of a spirite, yet thinke me to be one of those Familiares Lares that were rather pleasantly disposed then endued with any hurtfull influence, as Hob Thrust, Robin Goodfellow and such like spirites (as they tearme them of the buttry) famozed in euery olde wines Chronicle for their mad merrye pranks. Wherefore sith my appearance to thee is in a resemblance of a spirite, think that I am as pleasant a Goblin as the rest, & will make thee as merry before I part, as ever Robin Goodfellow made the country wenches at their Creamboules. With this he drew moze nere me and I starting backe cried out: In nomine Iesu, auoid sathan for Ghost thou art none, but a very diuell (for the soules of the which are departed) if the sacred

p:in

out of Purgatory.

3

principles of Theologie be true) neuer returne into the world againe till the generall resurrection: for either are they plaſt in heauen, from whence they come not to intangle themſelues with other cares but ſit continually before the ſeat of the Lambe ſinging Alleluia to the higheſt, or elſe they are in hell: and this is a profound and certain Aphoriſme, Ab inferis nulla eſt redemptio vpon theſe conſequential premies, Depart from me ſathan the reſemblance of whomſoeuer thou doſt carrie. At this pitching his ſtaffe downe on the end & crosseing one leg ouer another, he answered thus: why you hoſon dunce, think you to ſet Dick Tarlton Non plus with your aphoriſmes: No, I haue yet left one chapter of choplodgick, to teache you withall, that were you as good as George a Crane I would not take the foile at your hands & that is this. I perceiue by your arguments your inward opinion and by your wiſe diſcretion what pottage you loue: I ſee no ſonner a riſpe at the houſe end or a Paipole before the doore, but I cry there is a paltry Alehouſe: & as ſoon as I heare the principles of your religion, I can ſaye, oh there is a Caluiniſt: what doe you make heauen and hell Contraria in immediata ſo contrarie, that there is no meane betwixt them, but that either a mans ſoule muſt in poſt haſte gee preſently to God, or elſe with a whirlewind and a vengeance goe to the diuell: yes, yes my good brother, there is Quoddam tertium a third place that all our great grandmothers haue talkt of, that Dante hath ſo learnedly writ of, and that is Purgatorie. What ſir are we wiſer then all our forefathers: & they not onely feared that place in life, but found it after their death: or els was there much land and annuall penſions giuen in vaine to more we-maſſe prieſts for dirges, trentals, and ſuch like decretals of deuotion, whereby the ſoules in Purgatorie were the ſoner aduanced into the quiet eſtate of heaue. Say more how many Popes & holy biſhops of Rome, whoſe canons cannot erre, haue taught vs what this purgatorie is: and yet

yet if thou wert so incredulous that thou wouldest neither believe our olde beldames, nor the good Bishops: yet take Dick Tarlton once for thine author, who is now come from Purgatory, and if any upstart Protestant deny, if thou hast no place of scripture ready to confirm it, say as Pithagoras schollers did (*Ipse dixit*) and to all bon companions it shall stand for a principle, I could not but smile at the madde merrie doctrine of my friend Richard, and therefore taking hart at grasse drawing more nere him, I prayed him to tell me what Purgatory is, & what they be that are resident there: as one willing to doe me such a favour, he sat him downe and began thus.

¶ Tarltons description of
Purgatory.



After thy breath hath left thy bodye, and thy soule is set free from this vile prison of earth, where it hath been long inclosed, then doth it wander forward into a faire broad waye, where at the turning of a crosse there are three passages, one on the right hand, and that is verie narrowe and leadeth unto heauen: The second on the left hand, is broad and faire, ouer a green vale, and that conducteth vnto hell: now betwixt these is there a lane neither too broad, nor too narrow, and that is the high way to Purgatory: wherein after you haue wandred a while, you come to a bridge, framed all of Needle pointes, and ouer that must you passe bare footed, as the first penance for your formost offences. Then sir to haue a litle ease after that sharpe absolution, shall you come into a faire medowe, and that is all ouer growne with Aue maries and creedes, this is to put you in remembrance of our Ladies Psalter, which if you can say a hundred and fiftie times ouer befoze you passe the medow, you escape passing ouer a whole field of hot burning plough

ploughshares, that day and night lye glowing hotte for such purposes: after these and many moe of other miseries, which I am by the law forbidden to utter, you come to purgatorie gate, where for an entring penny, you haue forty lashes with a whip as ill as euer were giuen in Bridewell, then are you admitted entrance. At the first you shall come into a very sumptuous hall, richly hanged with tapistrie, so fine and so curious, that the most cut-throate Broaker in England would take the worth of the hangings for a sufficient palme: in this hall shall you see an infinite number of seates, formed and seated like an Amphitheater, wherein are royally, nay moe then royally placed all the Popes, except y first thirtie after Christ, and they went presently to heauen: and the reason was, because Purgatorie was then but a building, and not fully finished. In those seates I say the Popes sit triumphantly with their pontificalibus and their triple crowns but yet abiding paines of purgatorie, as well as the meanest in all the house, equallye proportioned according to the measure of their sinnes, some for false wresting the Scriptures, others for ambition, some for couetousnesse, gluttonie, extortion, symonye, wrath, pride, enuie, many for sloth and idlenesse, and some I can tell you haue come thither for wenching matters, thats counted in Rome but a venial sinne and therfore three dirges and two tapers offered to the picture of olde Pasquille, is sufficient to wipe away so small an offence. But amongst all the rest, two of them made me to marvell at the strangenes of the punishment. The first was Boniface the fourth, and he sat in this order.

He was richly attired in his pontificalibus, and something more rich then the rest, but vpon his head, in stead of his triple crowne, he wore a dustie Millers cap, and whereas other Popes held in their right hand the keys of heauen, and in the left the sword of Paule, he helde betwene both his hands a dirty maulkin, such as Bakers

Swoepe their Quens withall, and right ouer his head
was wrytten this olde adage in Latin.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

And because thou shalt know the reason why he was
thus punished, marke this merry tale.

The tale of Pope Boniface, and why he wore
a Millers cap, and a malkin in
Purgatorie.

Here dwelled sometime in the Citie of Rome
a Baker, named Aftatio, who for his honest
behaviour, was well accounted of amongst
his neighbours, insomuch, that what size so-
euer his bread was baked after, his Loanes neuer pass
the ballance. This Aftatio had sundry Apprentises and
journeyemen to do his businesse, for he was chiefe Ba-
ker to the Popes holinesse: amongst whome there was
one called Myles, who was a strong lusty lubber, and one
that was as ripe conceived for knaueserie, as the Miller
that ground their meale for theuery, & had as many good
conditions, as his Mistresse had points of chastitie, and
he was thought a vertuous matron: for a Cardinall lay
in her house to instruct her with holy sentences, & where
such blessed men lye, there can be no lecherie. Well Myles
was a mad wagge, and when he had done his businesse,
to exercise his wits would diuers times resort to some
one or other of the cloister of Nuns, amongst these merry
wenches, to put in practise the excellencye of his prattle,
he so behaued himselfe, that if higher fortune had not fal-
len him, the Nuns of Santa Maria had intreated their ab-
besse to haue made him their factotum: but to his grea-
ter dignitie thus it fell out. It chaunced that Pope Pi-
us fell sicke, and for that he knew Cardinals were ambi-
tious, and would flie with leaues whatsoeuer befall, to o-
uoid all mutinies that might insue after his death about
the

the succession of the Papacie, he called his Cardinals together, and charged them to elect none Pope, but he that could absolue these three questions.

1 What kinde of men those be, that GOD neuer made.

2 What creatures those be, that in sight are Carnations, in smell Roses, in hearing Syrens, in touch Nettles, and in taste Wormewood.

3 And what occupations take more paines about God then the Pope.

Upon these the Cardinals were agræde, and went home to their seuerall lodging, leaning Pius well contented with their mutuall consent, and resolved to dye, sith he had so well determined of the succession of the papacy: to be bryse, as euery Dog hath his day, so the Pope had his date, for the next morning he died. And upon this there was a generall mourning through all Rome, the Cardinals wept, & Abbots howled, the Monks rored, the Fryers cryed, the Nuns puled, the Curtizans lamented, the Bells rang, and the Tapers were lighted, that such a blacke Sanctus was not seene a long time afoze in Rome: well to be shotte, his funerals were solemnely kept, and his bodge carryed from Castle Angelo, to Saint Peters Church and there intombed. After his death euery one of the Cardinals aspiring to the Papacye, pondered in his bryne the meaning of these questions, but they were not so good Schollers that they could either deuise, define, or distinguish vpon them, speciallye Cardinall Montecello that laye at the Bakers house, who long while had these questions hammering in his head, but to small purpose, for the more he sought the farther off he was, which grieved him full sore: for the day was come wherein they must giue vp their verdict, and the synode of the Cardinals appointed to meet. Cardinall Montecello ashamed to go, be-

cause he was so monstrous a dunce, knowing that Myles the Bakers man was a fellowe of a prompt witte, and withall so like the Cardinall, as no man coulde discern the one from the other, brought it so to passe, that he perswaded Myles to goe and heare the questions, and to sit in his roabes amongst the rest of the Cardinales, promising, if hee won the victorie by his witte, hee would when he were Pope so'abour, that he would make him a Cardinall, Myles that was euer malepert, and more saucy then honest, vnderooke the matter and bluntlye ouer his bakers mealy Cassock soe haste put on the Cardinals habit, and went very solemnly to S. Peters Church, where the rest of the holy brotherhood sate, taking his place amongst them as Montecello had directed him. When thus they were all gathered together, the eldest of the fraternitie laide open vnto them that now by the death of Pius the papacye stood sede vacante: yet by the good direction of his holynes in his life time to auoid further controuersie in the Church, hee had left a meane to know who should be next successeur in the see, and there vpon he propounded thre questions, which began at the eldest, and so gradatim went downeward: sundrye men gaue sundry verdicts, at last it came to Cardinall Montecello, who was yongest, to yelde his reason, which if it were not probable & plausible, the Synode must deuise some other meanes to know the successor: for the questions were so darke, that amongst the rest they were as inscrutable Aenigmaes. Well to Myles at last came the matter to be made manifest, who very demurely in his scarlet roabes and his graue bonnet, began thus: My Lords and fellowe brethren in this dignity, nowe is the text fulfilled: The last shall bee first, and the first shall be last: for I that am yongest in yeres, am like to be eldest in iudgement: and being last in degræ, am like to be first in dignity. Therefore you foolish dunces thus to absolue these thre questions.

What

What kinde of men be those that God
neuer made.

I tell you they be Popes, Cardinals, Abbots, Monks,
and Priests: for none of all these did God euer make, and
thus I proue it. The Creator, both according to the prin-
ciples of Philosophie and Theology, is greater then the
Creature, and it is impossible that the maker should bee
foyned or fashioned by the thing made: as a pot to make
a potter: is it not then as repugnant to reason that God
should make a Priest, when the Priest euer daye in his
masse maketh God: and so is he the creator, and God the
creature: therefore brethren the Priest is the man that
God neuer made, because we our selues knowe that the
Priest is Gods maker. To this they all applauded and
said: he had spoken as much as Paus meant. Now quoth
he to the second question.

What creatures those be, that in sight are Carnations, in
smell Roses, in hearing Syrens, in touching nettles,
and in taste Wormewood.

Thus I answered: they be (my maisters quoth he) these
kinde of cattell that we couet so much to keepe, and these
be women: for he that sees a gallant wench, which wee
Italians terme *Bona Roba*, with a faire face florist ouer
with a vermilion blush, she seemes to his eye as beauti-
full as a Carnation, and her breath that is as swete and
'odoziferous as a Rose: he that listens to her words, shall
finde them as pleasant and melodious as the Syren, and
as full of flattery as Cyrces: so that he that will auoide
thre wyles, must with Vlisses tie himselfe to the mast,
or else venture on thre dangerous shelves: in tou-
ching they be nettles, for they sting to the quick: and in
taste whosoever tries them, shall finde them as bitter in

the end as **Montecelso**. When Myles had discoursed this, they thought **Sphinx** himselfe could not haue yelded a better reason, and therfore our Gentleman Baker went on to the third thus boldly: and now maisters, quoth he, to the last.

What occupations take more paines about God
then the Pope.

Mary quoth Myles, there be thre, the ploughman, the Miller and the baker: & thus I proue it. The ploughman he takes paines to dresse his feld, to sow his cozne, and in harvest with toyle to reape, in winter to thre it out with the sweat of his browes, then it is conueyed from him to the Miller, and he bestirs himselfe to set his stones in frame to grinde it: next it is transported to the baker, & he boulds it and listes the bran from the flower, and with great paines makes it into a fine cake & bakes it, last it is brought to the Pope, and he when he is at masse saies but *hoc est corpus meum*, and it is God: he spends but a little fewe wast words about it, whereas the other thre labour long ere they bring it to perfection: therefore these thre take moze paines about God the pope. One of the old Cardinals hearing this, wondring at his wit, began to repeate ouer the names of the Ploughswaine, the Miller and the Baker: Myles hearing him name the Baker, took straight Pepper in the Nose, and starting vp threw of his Cardinals robes, standing in his dusty Callocke, swore I by cockeshead the Baker, and he that saies to the contrary, here stand I Myles the Bakers man to haue the proudest cardinall of you all by the eares. The Cardinals all this while thinking it had bene Montecelso, and now seeing it was Myles the bakers man, to sooth vp the matter and cloak their own ignorances made him Pope, and called him in steade of Myles, Boniface: where hee soone forgot being a Priest y euer he was a Clarke: insomuch that

that on a day passing to Saint Peterschurch, his Maister Astasio met him, and amongst the rest did his holynesse great reverence, but Myles now that was Pope, could not loke so low as a poore Baker, which his maister espying, as he came by said that the pope might heare. No iure sic a principio: No knaue quoth he, but y^e shall heare song anon: Sic erit in secula seculorum Amen. Thus went the Bakers man in solemne procession to S. Peters Church, and there after his instatement hard masse, & so departed home to castle Angelo. And so that he was aduanced from a Bakers trough to the papacie, and after grew so proud and insolent, that he would not know his old maister: he sits in a Millers duffe Cappe, and a Bakers making: to signifie the former pride of his life.

Next him sat Hildebrand, & he held a red Dering in his hand, because he made Lent: and one Pope sat with a smock flaxe about his necke, and that was he that made the timbering wakes, in hono^r of his faire and beautifull curtizan Imbra.

A little beyond sat Alexander, who was so fast to make cleane rustie Armo^r: that like Sisyphus stone had no end, so as fast as he scowred, y^e cancker still fretted that he did: In caucasum saxum voluere: & this was because he was a better Souldier then a Scholler. Hard by him was Iulius that vpon the brydge threw S. Peters keyes into Tiber & took him to y^e sword of Paul: infinit other sandy offences: but such a multitude were plagued so for trenching, that of the al there was not one scape fræ for that fault. But Urbane the second, that was instalde Pope in the morning, and was poisoned before dinner, and yet the question, whether, if he had liued that night, his lemen and he had not bidden pennance in Purgato^rye so for their sinnes. Thus when I sawe all these stately fellowes, as I was redy to go out of the hal, I spied sitting in a corner a bare faced youth, well featured, of a lively countenance, and a swete looke, in Popes attire: but on her head in stead of
a myter

a myter shee had a Bercher, and in her hand a distaffe: I thought it had ben Hercules that was found playing the wanton so with Omphale, or Sardanapalus amongst his Curtizans. But at last I spied it was a Pope, or had ben a Pope: But whether man or woman, or what it was, I could not tell, till I spied wrytten ouer his head in great Characters this stile.

Papa, Pater, Parens Patriæ, Prope Portas Petri, Pauli,
Paruum Peperit Puerum.

Then I perceiued it was Pope Ioane that honest woman, that as she went a procession through the Latician was brought to bed in the streets, I smile at her attire, and left her to her punishment. Passing from thence, I went into a lower roome, and there were all Kings and Princes, and men of name, which for that I might slander their royall tytles, I omit with silence. But thus they were all punished according to their offences, no more spared for their wealth, then the pope for their povertie, vnlesse they dyed highly in the Popes fauour: and perhaps there was some indulgence to mitigate their punishment. I left them, and anon I came into a baser roome, all full of Monkes and Friars, what sinnes I saw there figured forth, I am ashamed to rehearse, onely Friar Onyon the holy Confessor of Florence hee sat there naked, all annointed with hony and miserably tormented with Waspes. The cause of his punishment I learned to be this.

out of Purgatorie.

13

The tale of Friar Onyon, why in Purgatory he was
tormented with waspes.



There dwelled a widdowe in Florence of
good parentage and large possession, more
beautiful then she was wealthy, and yet
she was the richest widow in all Florence,
her name was Lisetta, the onely faulte
that was found in hir was that her beau-
tye was more then her wit, and that such a selfe lone of
her excellenye had made her overwæne her selfe, that
she thought none fit to bee her husband in all Florence:
Thus though she were looked at for her outward perfec-
tion, yet was she laughed at for her inward follies. Wel,
howsoever others censured of her, she thought her pennye
better silver then the rest, and would so strive to excell
other Gentlewomen in the nicenesse of gesture, that oft-
times she made all: in so much that her coy quaintnesse
was a byword in the cite. Euery wæke forsooth, because
shee would seeme as vertuous as shee was faire, she de-
voutly went to Friar Onyon, to be confessed of her sins:
the Priest, who was a lustye lubber, and a tall swaine,
and nurst vp lust with idlenesse, began to looke vpon her
more narrowly, and to take a particular view of her per-
fections: with that entring with a pearcing insight into
her selfeloue thought that shee might quicklye bee over-
reacht in her owne conceytes: for he thought that if the
wisest women were wonne with faire praies, and large
promises: it were more easie to intrap her with the dis-
course of her excellenye. Therefore he laid his plot thus.
the next time Lisetta came to hym, after she had made
her confession, and had receiued absolution for her sinnes,
Friar Onyon looking earnestly vpon her, fetcht a far sigh
and saide: ah Madam. if you knew as much as I know,
as you are the fairest, so you would thinke your selfe the
happiest of all women that are a liue. And why Sir, I

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pray you, quoth Lisetta? ah said friar Onyon: it is such a secret as may not be reuealed: for if I should disclose it to you, & you by any means make it manifest, there were no way with me but a most miserable death. Lisetta, as all women be desirous of nouelty, was so greedy to heare what good was toward hir, that she made a thousand protestations, and vttered a thousand oathes, neuer to betray what her ghostlye Father should tell her in secret. Then Madam, quoth friar Onyon, with a graue and a demure countenance, know your beauty is so excellent, and your perfection so far beyond the common course of all other women, that not only all men that see you, admire you as a miracle: but the very Angels in heauen are enamored of your proportion. The angels quoth she, is that possible? The Angels madam, and not the meanest, but the most beautifull of all the rest: for the Angell Gabriel is so far in loue with you, that the other night he appeared vnto me, and charged me to do his earnest commendations vnto you, with promise, that if he might be assured of your secrecy, hee would at convenient times visit you, and intertaine you with such loue as befitte such holy spirits.

This tale so set a fire Lysetta, that she not onely thanked friar Onyon for his commendations: but counted her selfe the most fortunate of all women, that shee was beloued of so blessed a saint: and therfore when and where it pleased him, he should be intertayned with as honorable secrecy, as a poudame of her calling might afford. Friar Onyon seeing this game would worke, prosecuted his purpose then subtilly: he presently fell downe on his knees before her, and desired that for such happye newes as he had brought, she would graunt him a boone. Lysetta liberall now to persourne any demaund bad him aske, When he began thus: Madam, quoth he, for that the Angell Gabriell is a spirite, and his brightnesse such, as no mortall eye can suffer, and therfore must come vnto you
in

in some humane shape, I pray you vouchsafe, that my bodie may be the receptacle for him, that while he putteth on my carcasse, my soule may enioy the sight & pleasures of paradise: so shall you not hinder your selfe, and doe me an unspeakable benefite. Lysetta seeing Friar Onyon was a lustye tall fellowe, willing in what she might to pleasure him, graunted his request verie willingly: whereupon it was concluded, that she should leaue the doore open, and about midnight the Angel Gabriell should come to visit her. Upon this resolution, home went Lysetta, as merry as a ppe, tricking vp her bedchamber with all brauerie, and rich perfumes for the intertainement of her paramour. And Friar Onyon as busie as a bee, was making his winges and his trinkets readye to playe the Angell: well, he delt so, that he agreed with an old pandor, that dwelt opposite to the house, and there made himselfe readye, and at the houre appoynted, went to Lysetta: where he found the doore open, and so entred vp till hee came to her bedchamber, where shee sat expecting his coming: as soon as shee sawe him with his glorious winges and his white robes, she rose, and fell at his feet: but he louinglye took her vp, embraced her, kist her, and pointed to the bed, whether the Angell went after he had laid apart his habiliments, and Lysetta followed with as much speed as might be: *Cetera quis nescit.* Early befoze break of the day, Gabriell took his leaue of his Lysetta, and went to his lodging, leauing her the proudest woman in the world, that shee was beloued of an Angell. Friar Onyon hee got him to his cell, and there tooke vpp his broaken sleepe hee had lost till nine of the clocke, that hee went into his Quatorie: where hee had not sitten long, but Lysetta in as great brauerie as might, came to the church, and then offered vp in greater deuotion a burning Taper to the Angell Gabriell, afterwards her orisons done, she came to Friar Onyon, who after some conference demaunded her of her newe louer,

whom she highly commended, and hee againe gaue her great thanks, that shee vouchsafed him to be the receptacle of so holpe a Saint: for all the while his body was with her, his soule did tast the ioyes of Paradice. These two thus agreed, it so fell out that sundrye times as occasion & oportunitie would giue leaue, the Angell Gabriell visited Lisetta: The friar thus frolike in this conceited content, was thwarted by fortune on this manner: Lisetta waxing very proud with the remembrance of her newe loue, was coye and disdainfull, as she thought neuer a dame in Florence fit for her company: insomuch that many wondred why she grewe so insolent. But the more they marueiled, the more shee was malapert, conceiuing such abundance of selfeloue within her stomack, that she was withchilde till shee had vttered her minde to some of her gossip: on a day sitting with one in whom shee had most affiance, she beganne to require secrecie, and shee would vnfold vnto her a thing not only strange but of great import. Her gossip as the custome is, began to blame those wines whose secrets lay at their tongues end, and saide, shee was neuer toucht with any staine of her tongue: and therfore whatsoeuer she told her, should be buried vnder foote and goe no further. Vpon this Lisetta began to rehearse vnto her from poynt to poynt, the whole discourse of the Angell Gabriell, how he was in loue with her, & how sundry nightes he lay with her, and many more matters which he told her of the ioyes of paradice. Her gossip being a wily wench kept her countenance very demurely, commending the excellencie of her beauty, that did not only amaze men, but drew euen Angels to be inamoured of her, promising to be as secret in this matter as her selfe. Shee thought the time long till they might breake off talke, and therefore assoone as she could finde oportunitie, she toke her leaue, and hied her homeward: but to her house she could not goe, till she had met with two or thre of her gossips, to who in a great laugh-

ter she unfolded what Adam Lysetta had told her, how she was beloued of the Angell Gabriell, and how sundrye nightes he lay with her, and tolde her of the ioyes of Paradise. This was woꝝke enough foꝝ nine dayes, foꝝ the wonder of Madame Lysettas barne went thꝛough all Florence: so that at last it came to the eares of Lisettas frænds, who græued that such a clamoꝝ should be raysed of their kinswomā: knowing her folly, thought to watch nere, but they would take the Angell Gabriell and clip his winges from flying. Well secrete they kept it, and made as though they had not heard of it, yet kept they such diligent watch, that they knew the night when the Angell would descend to visit Lysetta: wherebpon they beset the house round, and as sone as Friar Onyon was in, and had put off his winges, and was gone to bed the rushing in of the watch wakened him from his rest, and that with such a vengeance, that trusting moze to his fæte then to his feathers, he left Adam Lysetta amazed at the noise: and he himselfe was so sharply beset and so nere taken, that he was faine to leape out of a high garret window, and so almost brake his necke, into a little narrow lane. Well his best ioynt scape, but he was sore bruised: yet feare made him forget his fall, that awaye he ran to a poore mans house wꝛere he saw light, and there got in, making an excuse how he had fallē among thæues and so desired lodging.

The man hauing heard talke of the Angell Gabriell, knowing very well Friar Onyon that knewe not him, let him haue lodging very willinglye, but all this while that he escapt, were Lysettas frænds seeking foꝝ the saint that so tenderly loued their kinswoman: but they could not finde him, and to heauen he was not slowne, foꝝ they had found his winges, soꝝye they were that Gabriell had mist them: But they chid hard, and rebuked the follye of Lysettas selfeloue, that was not onely so credulous, but such a blab as to reueale her owne secretes: it was late,

and because they had mist of their purpose they departed, leaving Lisetta a sorrowfull woman, that she was so described by the Angell Gabriell. Well night passed, and the morning came, and this poore man friar Onyons host told him, that he knewe not how to shift him: for there was that day a great search for one frier Onyon that had escaped naked from Lysettas house, and who so kept him in secret should haue his eares nailed on the pilloie: at this the frier started and said: alas friend I am the man: and if by any meanes thou canst conuay me to the Doctoz of our friorie, I will giue thee fortye Duchats: if you will, quoth his host followe my counsaile, feare not, I will conueye you thither safe and vnknewne, and thus. This daye there is great shewes made before the Duke of Florence, and strange sights to be seene, and diuers wylde men disguised in strange attire are brought into the Market place: now I will dresse you in some strange order, and with a maske ouer your face, lead you amongst the rest, and when the shewe is done, carrying you as though I should carry you home, I will conuey you into the Doctoz backside secret and vnknewne. Although this seemed hard to the frier, yet of two evils the least was to be chosen. and he consented to suffer what the host would deuise. Whereupon he that was of a pleasant conceipt vled him thus: he annointed him ouer with barme mixed with honye, and stuck him full of feathers, and tying him by the necke with a chaine put a visor on his face, and on either side tye a great ban Dogge, in this come equipage marched this poore man with the friar. He was no sone come into the open strate, but the people hauing neuer seene such a sight before in Florence, did not onely wonder at the strangenesse of his dressing, but maruailed what this nouelty should meane: Whereupon an infinite number not onely of the common sorte, but of the grauest Citizens followed, to see what should be the end of this wonder.

With

With a solemne pace marched his keeper, till he came to the market place, where tying him to a great pillar that stood there, he then let make in all places of the citie solemne proclamation, that who so would see the Angell Gabriell, should presently come to the market place, and beholde him there in that amorous dignitie that hee did usually visit the Dames of Florence: at this proclamation there was a generall concourse of people, especially of the better sort that had heard of Lysettas loves: so that the Duke himselfe came thither, and amongst the rest Lysettas kinsmen. When all the market place was full of people, the host pulled the visor from the Friars face: at which the people gaue a great shout, clapping their hands and crying, the Angell Gabriell, the Angell Gabriell, he that comes from heauen, to make vs weare hornes. I neede not I hope intreate you to belaeue, that poore Friar Onyon was heauilye perplexed, especiallye when the day grew hotte, he naked and annointed with honye, so that all the Wasps in the Citie as it were by a miracle, left the Grocers shops, and came to visite the Friar, because his skinn was so swete: but alas to the poore mans paines, that hee was almost stung to death. Diuers of his couent came thither to see the strange apparition of the Angell, who when they saw he was Fryar Onyon, then they couered their shauen crownes with their coles, and went home with a flea in their eares. Thus all daye stood the poore Friar wondered at of all the people of Florence, and tormented with wasps, and at night fetcht home to the Dorter by some of his brothers: he was clapt in prison where so sorow poore Gabriell died, and because he did so dishonour the other Fryars, he bides this torment in purgatorie.

The discourse of the Fryars thus past, I viewed them all that were Churchmen: and after went into a lower roome, where there was a medley of all manner of people of all trades, sciences, and occupations, assigned to
such

such sundrye tormentes, as mans eye would almoste surfeite with the varietie of obiectes, euen the verie bosome men were there for robbing of the bosome closes betwene Barking and London. And hard by them was there a place emptye formed thus: it was made like the shape of Tiborne thre square, and al painted about with halters, and hard by stood two tall fellows with carters whippes so stearnely looking, as if with euery lashc they woulde cut a man to the bones: there was written ouer the place a great Roman B, I could not learn for whom this torment was prouided, for that so many men, so many censures: some saide it was for one Boniface which should be Pope, and should proue a great persecutor: others, that Bonner should be brought from his place among the Brelates, and be whipt there for breaching of Bartlet Greene naked in his garden, but the most voyces went, that it was for Bull the hangman, because at his whipping in London the Carters shewed him too much fauour. Well for whomsoeuer it is, God blesse me from it, for hee is like to bee well belaboured with two ludge knaues. Looking still about, I saw thre men seated as it were in thrones higher then the rest, with thre sheldes hanging by them, hauing impresses and mottoes, I stayed and gazed my fill vpon them: for they had no punishment, but were as prisoners detained in Purgatory, but with a preheminence: for which soeuer of the phos passed by, gaue them a knee with a reuerence. I meruailed what they should be, and one told me it was the thre degrees of Cuckolds, with that I smilede, and looked more narrowlye vpon them, I spide written ouer the firsts head this short sentence, One and One. Over the second, None and One, ouer the third, One and None. This was to me a darke Aenigma, that I wished some Sphinx to vnfold the secret, at last one slept to me and tolde me the whole matter thus.

The

The tale of the three Cuckolds, of their impreses
and Mottoes.



These three men, my frānde quoth the
ghost, when they liued were three famous
men, and yet Cuckoldes, as by their at-
tier thou maist perceiue: but different
in degree, nature and condition. He which
sits highest, ouer whose head thou seest
is written, One and One, had a beautifull dame to his
wife, faire and well featured: yet a great deale more full
of beautye then honestye: but howsoeuer qualified, a
good wench she was and one that was not such a niggard
but she coulde keep a coynor for a frānd: to be bryse, she
would beare a man false at tables, and her husband that
loued Irish well, thought it no ill tricke to beare a man
too many: he saw it, and knew very well that his wife lo-
ued another as well as himselfe: yet he loued her so, that
he would not discontent her, but suffered her to haue her
longing and to feede her owne fancye, and like a wittolde
winke at it, and therefore worthy to weare the horne.
Thus while he liued, the dishonour of his life was shame
enough for his lewdnes, and now after his death because
he was so kinde a man, they haue plaie him there with-
out any punishment, because it was penance enough to
haue his conscience prickt with a remorselesse sting of ban-
dye. And here they haue made him a gentleman, and in
his Scutcheon haue giuen him the Ram rampant, with
a mighty paire of horns hanging ouer his eies: to signifie
if it be rightly emblasde, that he had such a great head,
that looking through his horns, hee did see and not see,
working on with heauy palms as belwether to the rest,
his Motto is stolne out of Tully.

Non solum pro nobis.

Meaning, that as we are not hoyn of our selues, but for
our

D.

our Country, so he did not marry a wife for himselfe, but for his neighbours: this was the kinde opinion of this graue wittold.

The second, ouer whose head is written None & One, was a man of an honest and vertuous disposition, who hauing a faire wife, that though she coulde not treade right, yet wincht her shoue inward: that was as secret as she was false: and though she could not lue Caste, yet she liued Cautely: he neuer suspected her, but as he was honest, ly minded towards her, & kept himselfe to the wife of his bolome, so measured her foote after his owne last, and thought none in the world to haue a more chaste wife, although indeed none had a more lasciuious wanton. This poore man was none in his owne conceite, yet was one indeed: & therefore is he placst here without any torturer for that it is plague enough for him that he had a whore to his wife. He is likewise made a gentleman and giues Armes the Goate, which by imblasure signifies, that as the Goate carries his hornes behinde, so hauing hornes because they were not apparant on his forehead, thought he had none, and yet carried a faire paire backward like the Goate, is Motto is:

Crede quod habes & Habes.

Meaning that a mans content stands as his belouing is, so that if a man in his own conscience thinkes he hath a faire wife, it sufficeth, whatsoeuer proue makes manifest to others.

The third, ouer whose head is written One and None, is a man that hath a woman of surpassing beautye to his wife, excellent and rare in properties, and enery way as vertuous in honest perfection, a woman as faire as Helen, and as chaste as Lucrece: yet forsooth, because his wife is more faire then the common sorte, and therefore more gazde on for that wheresoeuer she goes, many mens eyes wait vpon her, and diuers lasciuious youth attempt to frequent her compaigny: yet she that is wholly
resolved

resolved vpon vertue, hath the toztueis vnder her feet, and
gads not abroad, but keeping home aneides all occasions
of dishonoz: yet for all the manifest instances of her ho-
nestye, the eye of her husband fiered with suspicion so in-
flames his hart with ielousie, as there is none looks on
his wife, but he thinks he comes to court her, and she glā-
ces her eie on none but straight she loues him: if she smile,
it is to think how her loue and she shal meet: if she lower,
it is because she hath not seene him to daye: thus lining
both he lead a hellish life in the labirynth of Zelousie, and
therefore is he placit here without punishment in Pur-
gatoz, because there can be no greater torment then to
be plagued with the restlessie sting of Zelousie: he is as the
rest are, made a gentleman, his armes y^e Assie, with a mar-
uellous paire of long and large eares. The emblaion this
that as the Assie for y^e length of his eares thinks the to be
hoyes, and yet indeed are but a plain paire of eares: so he
like an Assie because he hath a faire wife, thinkes that per-
consequens he must be a cuckold, when indeed he is none,
and so suppaict his eares to be hoyes: his Motto is,

Ne mulieri credas, ne mortui quidem.

Meaning, that what faire shewe soener a woman doth
leare of honestye, yet there is no credid to be given vnto
her coyneffe: but he resolues with the crue of the yelow
holde companions, that Mulier howsoener it be spoken or
vnderstode, is a word of vncoustantie: therefore though
he hath no hoyes because his wife is too honest, yet like
an Assie for his Zelousie, hee shall haue a long paire of
eares whiles he liues.

Thus was the order of these Cuckolds discoursed vnto
me, which as soon as I heard I went on further to spye a-
ny worth the noting, much I saw that were friuolous to
rehearse, as diuers women that were hangd vpon the
tongues for scolding, and especiall one Votchers wife
of Sudburge, who was so famous for that Art (if wee

may tearme it a science) that after her death, she was chronicled amongst the successive scoldes her neighbours for an Archgossip in that facultye: for her husband being a poore painefull man that liued by his dayly labour, came home every night and brought her duely and ductifullie his groat, which could not content her, but she would in braue tearmes abuse him, and call him rascall and slave, but above all, pricklowse, which hee coulde not abide: wherefore hauing often forbid her, and saying she would take no warning: on a day tooke hart at grasse, and belaboured her well in a cudgill but all would not suffice: the more he beat her, the more she calde him pricklowse. Seeing stripes would not preuaile, he threatned to cut out her tongue, it is no matter for that knaue quoth she, yet shall the stampe call thee pricklowse: at this answer the poore Botcher was so mad, that taking a rope & tying it about her middle, hauing a well in his yarde, and thereunto he let her downe into the wel, and threatned to drowne her: such all would not preuaile, but she cried more vehemently: wherefore he duckte her ouer head and eares, and then when her tung could not wagge, he heaued her hands above water & knackt with her two nailes of her thumbs: then seeing nothing would preuaile but death, he drowne her vp and left her to her villanye, she above the rest was tormented. A little belowe her I saw a Cooke that was a mad merry fellow, and he sate demurely with a Cranes leg in his mouth, hauing no other punishment, at this I smilede and asked the cause, and it was told me thus.

The tale of the Cooke, and why he sat in Purgatory with a Cranes leg in his mouth.

There dwelled in Venice a Gentleman called Signior Bartolo, who being one of the Consiliadore and greatly experienced in the ciuill law, was much frequented of sundry sutors, amongst the rest there was a gentle

a gentleman his neighbour, that by fortune had caught some eight or ten Cranes, a fowle in high esteeme in that Cittie: these as a thing of great price hee bestowed on Signior Bartolo, who accepted them with great gratefulnes, that so good and bountifull a gift merited. Proud forsooth of this present, hee fedde them vp in one of his yards, looking with great care to them, because the Venetians holde them so rare. On a day desirous to make his neighbours partakers of his civilities, hee had diners of them to Supper, and commanded his cooke to provide good chare, and amongst the rest, chargde him to kill a Crane, and to see that it were excellently well roasted. The Cooke, whose name was Stephano, made all thinges in a readines for Supper, and when the time was convenient, layde the Crane to the fire. Now for this Stephano was a fellowe that was somewhat amorous, and excellent at courting of a Country wench: insomuch that he was the cheef gallant of all the parish for dancing of a Lincolneshire hornepipe in the Churchyard on sondaies: being thus well qualified, he was generally loued of all the girls thereabout, and especiall of one in the towne, whom he had so long dallied withall, that the maid fell sicke, and her disease was thought to be a tympany with two hailes: wel howsooner shee was spedde, and Stephano had done the deed. This maid hearing what a great feast should be at Signior Bartoloes house, bided her thither, not onely to see the good chere, but that shee must see her eye with the sight of her Stephano, who now was ruffling and sweating in the kitchen, shee made an excuse and came in for her, but in an unlucky time for the poore Cooke: for shee no sooner sawe the Crane, but shee longd for a leg, and that so sore, that there was nothing but that or death: whereupon shee calde Stephano to her, and tolde him that shee must needs haue a legge of the Crane: for shee so deeply longde for it, that if shee had it not, it were able both to cast her away and that shee went withall. Although poore Stephano al-

ledge many excuses, as the displeasure of his Maister, and the feare of the losse of his seruice: yet no reason could pꝛeuaile with her, who was without reason: and therfore what soꝛ loue he bare her, and soꝛ dread of discredite that might ensue, if soꝛ want of her longing she should fall to trauell, he ventred a ioynt, and when the Crane was enough cut her of a legge. His wench thus satisfied went home, and Supper time grew on, soꝛ all the guests were come, and pꝛesentlye because it was somewhat late, satte down: where they were serued very bountifullꝛ, at last the dainties, the Crane soꝛsoth, was brought vp, & Signioꝛ Bartolo commaunded the Caruer to truncke her, which when he had done, she was set vpon the table: the Gentleman of the house fell to distributing to his guests, and at last mist a legge, with that looking about he calde the Caruer, and askt him where the other leg was: Sir quoth he, your Maister ship hath all the Cooke sent vp: then quoth Bartolo go to the Cooke, & aske him where the other leg is: the Caruer went down and did his maisters commaund: the Cooke thinking to face out the matter, began to smile: why quoth hee, we may see Cranes are dainty in this Country, when gentlemen cannot tel how many legs they haue: go tel my Maister I sent him vp as many legges as she had. The fellow brought this newes to his Maister, who in a great chafe called soꝛ the Cooke, and asked of him how many legs a Crane had: marry sir quoth he one: why malepert villein quoth Bartolo, mockest thou me befoze all these Gentlemen: not I sir quoth the cook, soꝛ I am sure I haue dyest many in my life: & he therto yet I neuer saw a Crane haue but one leg. With this answer Bartolo was thꝛoughly inflamed with choller, but that he would shewe himselle to be patient, amongst his neighbours, he suppressed his anger with this milde reply: Either Gentlemen, you may thinke I oꝛ my cook is drunk, that hold a dispute about y^e Cranes leg, but soꝛ that this night I wil not be impatient, I passe it ouer:
but

but to morrow morning alas you are here, I humbly request you to take so much paines as to rise betimes, and to be iudges betwene me and my man. whether Cranes haue two legs or no: for I haue nine Cranes more, and wee will earlye goe into the garde where they feede: and this shall be the wager betwene my man and me, if they haue but one leg, I wil giue him twenty Duckats, and a sute of satten: if they haue two, hee shall haue twentye blowes with a cudgill, and I will turne him quite out of seruice: with this motion the Cooke seemed very well contented, that all the guesles shoulde to see more Stephano so obstinate: vpon this matter they began to descant and fell into pleasant chat, & so passed away the supper time: at last, although loath to depart, yet euery man departed with great thanks to Signior Bartolo for their good cheer promising verie earlye in the morning to be with him. Where we leaue them, and againe to the Cooke, who provided all his trinkets in a readines, to trudge away with bag & baggage the next morning: for he knew his matter was nought: thus with a heauy hart he passed away the night, and in the morning fell in a slumber: but hee had not long lpen in his dreame, but Bartolo accompanied with his neighbours, knockt at his mans chamber dore, and bad him rise, that they might end the quarrell: more Stephano started vp, and with a heuy cheer coming out of his Chamber, gaue his Maister and the rest the Bon ioure: Come sirra quoth his maister, here are the Gentlemen my neighbours come to be equall censours of our controuerisie: hold, take the key of the yard, & open you the dore, and the let vs see how many legs a Crane hath, the Cooke took the key and verie easily opened the dore, and entred in, & al the cranes because it was so early, were at stand, as their custome is generally all stode vpon one leg, and held the other vnder their wing. Stephano seeing the advantage, not willing to let so fair a bal fall to the ground, began him selfe, now sir (quoth he) I hope your selfe & the
re it

rest of the Gentlemen will confesse I haue wonne the wager: for you see here is neuer a Crane that hath more then one legge. At this saying how nimble he was to take the aduantage, they all laught: Trueth sir quoth his Maister, they stand now on one leg, but straight you shall see me make them all haue two: with that Signior Bartolo lifting vp his hand c. yed, So ho: and with that the Cranes let downe their legges, and euery one stood vpon two how now you know quoth his Maister, how many legges hath a Crane? hath he not two? yes marrye sir, quoth he, and so would your other Crane haue had, if you had done this: for if your worship when you had seene the Crane in the platter that had but one leg, had as loud as you doe now, cried So ho, why then hee would haue had two legges as well as these: At this test Signior Bartolo fel into such a laughing and all his guests with him, that hee laught away choller, and admitted his man into his wonted fauour: wherupon Stephano tolde them the whole discourse, what happened betwene him and his wenche, and vpon this merrilye they went to breakefast. Now by, although this fault was forgiven, yet because hee dyed not in fauour with the Priest of the Parthe, hee was appointed for stealing the Cranes leg, to stand in Purgatorie with his legge in his mouth for a certaine season.

After I had heard this discourse of the Cooke, I went on further to see if I could perceiue any other such Jests as might make me merrye in so melancholicke a place, at last as I cast mine eye aside, I saw where a poore Tinker satte with a Coale in his mouth, I asked the reason why hee was appointed to such punishment, and it was answered me thus.

The

The tale of the Vickar of Bergamo, and why he sits with a coale in his mouth, in Purgatory.



Here dwelled sometime in Bergamo a
 vickar y was welbeloued in the towne,
 so that he was a bone companion, and
 would not sticke to play at trump all day
 with his parishioners so a pot or two of
 Ale, a faire reader he was, and pleased the
 people wel, marry so learning that was little, and tungs
 he had no moze then were in his mouth: neither would he
 trouble himself with the knowledge of many languages,
 but applyed his idle time vpon god felowship. It chaun-
 ced that his scoze growing very great, and much chaik v-
 pon the post, his hostesse wanting money to pay the malte-
 man, wered hally with the vickar so her debt, he being
 then bare of pence, because his quarterage was not come
 in, tolde her she could not haue it as yet, wherevpon they
 grewe to wordes, and from wordes to blowes, so masse
 vickar went awaye with a broken head, which dyined
 him into such a choller, y he sought all meanes how to re-
 nenge, and he laid his plot thus: Euery sondaye morning
 afore masse al the youth of y parish did accustome to come
 to the Ale house to eate hot puddings, which was great
 profit to the godwife: now to pzeuent her of this commo-
 dity, the vickar spake against it, and so bad it openly: yet
 it was not so deeply inurighed against, but that diuerse
 Sundayes they would make a scale thither to bzeake-
 fast: and one Sunday amongst the rest, the whole crew
 being gathered together, notice was giuen to the vickar:
 wherevpon he hyed him thither, and found them all hard
 at it by the text: when they sawe masse vickar come in,
 euery man rose vp and ranne away to shift so him selfe,
 the hostesse she whipt in with the puddings: so that there
 was none left in the house but Maister vickar, who soy-
 ing a dozen of lustie large black puddinges hande in the
 C. Chimney,

Chimney, whipt them into his wide flæne, and went his way: he was no soner gone, but the goodwife comming out mist her puddings, and little suspected the vickar, but thought some of her guests had caried them away: wher, vpon she tolde it to her husband, who let the matter passe lightly, and wisht his wife make her hastily readye, that they might go to masse: on goes she with her holiday part let, and spundging her selfe vp, went with her husband to church, and came iust to the seruice: well Maister Tichar who was in a great chafe, mumbled vp his mattins, and after seruice was don, very stoutly got him into the pulpit, and began to fall to his collation, his tert was vpon the gospell for that daye, which hee so courde and canualse ouer, that he fell at last to talke of the breakfast: oh neighbours quoth hee, as I came this daye to Churchward, I came into a house, nay into an Alehouse, where I found a crewe at breakfast before Masse, at a blouddye breakfast, a blacke breakfast, yea neighbours the Devils breakfast, and with that he threwe his armes about him with such violence, that his wide flæne vntyed, the puddings fell out, and hit an olde wife on the head that she fell ouer againe: the hostesse seeing a dozen of puddings that she mist, cryed out to her husband: oh man, quoth hee, ther's the dozen of puddings that were gone out of the Chimney: hve the least they be gone, at this there was such a laughing, and such a ruinoz, that the poore Tichar was faine to leaue of his collation, and come downe to answer what the Alewife obiected against him: but he was so welbeloued in the parish, that the Alewife was punished, and her Sonday breakfasts put down by a common consent of the Churchwardens. The vickar thus well reuenged of the Alewife, indeuoured how to make amends to the parish, and therefore casting in his head how he might bring it to passe, one daye as he travelled towards Pisa he met a stranger, who had certayne feathers in his hand of a birde called Apis Indica, which
were

were long and large, of the colour of golde, and were so bright as scarce one could looke against them, such before were neuer seen in Italye. Masse Tlickar asone as hee sawe these, had a reach in his head, and rump with the traualer to buy one, a price was pitcht for thirtye sulyos, and masse Tlickar paid it: hauing this home he came, and bought a case of crimsin velvet imbodered with golde, to put his feather in, keeping it with great curiositie and secrecie, making report that he had one of the richest Reliques in the worlde, and promising vpon Candlemas day next to shewe it, wher vpon it was not onely blazed abroad throughtout the towne, but in all the villages and hamlets adiourning, that both old and young prepared themselves to see this holye Relique. Two of the crew, who were brothers at the breakfast of puddings, hearing these news, sought how to be rauen with maister Tlickar: and therefore brought it so to passe by a wench of the house where the Tlickar laye, that they might see the holye relique, she brought them to the chamber, and the box wherin the case lay in perfume, the fellows looking in, and seeing a feather, neither respecting reason, nor religion, toke it out, and put it in his bosome, and fild the case full of charcoles that laye by, and so putting the case into the box, kist the wench and went his way. Seruice time being come, maister vicar runs vp for the her, claps it vnder his arme, and alway he goes to Church: and for that it was Candlemas day, a high day, he said and song a very solenne Masse, and that being done, seeing such a multitude of people, he got him with a great grace into the Pulpit, and began his tert, which after he had rattled ouer a little, he told them what sundrye reliques were left to y Church for the benefit of the people: oh my masters & good friends quoth he, parishioners & neighbours, you see that euery citie heer about, nay throught the whole world, hath some holye Relique or other, as a blessing belonging to their coppozation: but our poore towne of Ber-

game hath had none: But now God hath considered of
 your estate, and hath sent you a richer and more holy thing
 all the rest. Some towne, quoth hee, hath a peece of the
 crosse, or of the nailes, or a peece of the sponge that rechte
 Christ Wineger: at Rome there is the speare that pierst
 his side, at Venice the Chawbone of Saint Marke, good
 for the falling euill: at Vienna the tooth of S. Appolym,
 wholesome for the toothake: at Pisa the horse of Saint
 Loyes Horse, that healeth such kinde of Cattell: for the
 Swine, Saint Anthonies bell: for the pole, Saint Dun-
 stones tonges: for the Squinsey, Saint Martins trough:
 for the eye sight, Saint Winitrids girdle: for the Palsie,
 Saint Asaphs Beades: and a thousand more, which are
 now needlesse to rehearse: but good people, I haue here
 for your comfort one of the feathers, yea one of those ho-
 ly and glorious feathers, that the Angell Gabriel wore
 when he sayde Ave Maria to the mother of Christ: olde
 wines, and aged men, riche and poore, knale dolne
 and with ioye beholde so great a miracle, with that they
 all fell vpon their knees, and he pulde swyth his bore, and
 drew swyth the case, which when hee heard it rattle, he
 marueled: but when he put his hand in, and founde no-
 thing but coales, his hart was cold in his belly, & he swet
 for woe, yet hauing a knauishe and readie wit, he sodain-
 ly and vpon the present shifted it thus: good people,
 quoth he, I haue mist of my bore, and haue left the wing
 of the angel Gabriel behind me: but I haue here a relique
 no lesse pretious then that, which I thought not to show
 you before Easter day, and these be the coales that Saint
 Lawrence the holy Martyr was broilde with, and with
 that he drew the Charcoale out of his poake: these pa-
 rishioners quoth he, euen the very marke that is made
 with these, is good against all euill spirits, against blas-
 phemy and witchcraft, and therefore seeing it is the will of
 God I should shewe you these first. I will come downe
 and marke you all with the holy relique of Saint Law-
 rence.

rence: so he stept downe out of the pulpit, and crost them all to his great profit, and their content: for which cause in that he mockt the people, he is appointed to stand in purgatorie with a coale in his mouth.

The Wickars tale of Bergamo being ended, I went further, and presently I espied a little doze, wherout issued a most fearfull noise, tempered with such far fetcht sighes and grievous whikes, that it was a sound much to be pittied: the smalnesse of the voice discovered that they were women. Whereupon I pressed more nere the doze, and looked in at a little chinke, and there I might see a companye of beautifull women of all ages pitifullye tormented, as sitting in a place full of smoake and stinking saucers, and bitten continually about the harts with scorpions: in all there were not above thre of them, and yet they uttered as grievous laments, as though there had bene a thousand. I demaunded why these were punished above the rest: they said, they were such as dyed maides and kept their virginities without spots, that hated men: and for that they were so hard harted, they were adjudged to that sharpe punishment. Straight as I cast mine eye up, I spide in a blinde corner where a Painter sat, having the picture of a Rode hung before him, and every time he looked upon it, he had thre bastanados over the shoulders with a belroape, as of the rest so I inquired the cause of this, and it was discoursed to me thus.

The tale of the Painter of Doncaster, and why in purgatory he was beaten with a belroape.

I know you are not ignorant, how in King Edward the firsts dayes, all Popery and superstition was banished, and the light of the Gospell puld from under the Bushell where it was couered, and to the sight and comfort of all set upon a hill: so that all his reliques were abolished,

and his idols puld downe, and the Church as nere as they could, cleaused from y^e breges of such an Antichrist: whereupon y^e painters that liude with such trash, as trimming of thynes and rodes, altars and Saints, and the caruers that made such images, were faine with Alexander the Coppersmith to cry out against Paule and his doctrine hauing so little wo^rk y^e they almost forgot their occupation. But when so, the sinnes of this land and wickednesse of the people, the Lord toke away their good King, and desprined them of the swæt Manna of the Gospell, and sent them againe Antichrist with all his traditions, Quene Marye lawfull successor in the Kingdome, made proclamation, that all those Rodes which were pulde downe, should be set vp againe in every Church. Amongst the rest, the Church of Doncaster in Yorkshire, desiring to be one of the foremost to signifye their obedience and deuotion, in all hast sent for the Painter to make them a Rode, and agreed vpon the price. Wherevpon he went about his wo^rke, but for that his hand had bene cut of v^e by the space of six yerres, he had forget the lineaments of the visage, and the other wanted proportion, that he made it very hard fauourde: yet as euery mans wo^rke seemes well to himselfe, he went forward withall and set it vp on a Satterday at night on the Rodloft: on Sunday at masse there was old ringing of Bells, and old and yong came to Church to se the newe rode, which was so ill fauourde, that al the parish mislikt it, and the children they cryed and were afraid of it: vpon this they fell in greate displeasure with the painter, and when monday came, and he was with the chiefe of the parish for his money, they denyed flatly to pay him any, because his wo^rke was so ill wrought. He vpon that cald them befoze the Maio^r of the towne, who was a man that fauored King Edwards religion as far as he durst, and to him the Painter made his complaint, that y^e parishioners now that he had made their rode, would not pay him his money: the Maio^r de-

maunded

maunded of them why they demide him paiment: they answered, for that he had like a bungler made Chzist so hard fauored, that it was not only vnfit to stand in any church but their children were afraid to look on it: so that euery way it should greatly hinder deuotion. But yet quoth the maio:, the poore man hath don his good wil, you must consider his hand hath ben long out of bte, & therfore there is no reason though his coming hath failde him, but you should pay him his monye: well sir quoth they, at your request we will giue him what our bargaine was, but we must buy a new rood and cannot tell what to do with the old: marry neighbors quoth the Maio:, if he wil not serue you for a god, follow my aduice, clap a paire of hornes on his head, and I warrant you hee will proue an excellent good deuill: and that sir, quoth the painter, will I do ouer and beside their bargaine. Thus were the poore parishioners of Doncastre meekt, and yet paide their monye: but their Tuckar so delt with bell, booke, and candle against the poore painter for making the ill fauored Rode, that he sits in purgatory beaten with a Belroape.

The tale of the Painter being ended, passing a little further, I might see where sat a crewe of men that woare Baye garlands on their heads, and they were Poets amongst which was olde Ennius, Virgill, Iuuenall, Propertius, and wanton Ouid, Martiall, Horace, and many more: which had written lasciuious verse, or other heroi- call poems. But aboue them all I marked olde Ronlard, and he sat there with a scroule in his hand, wherein was written the description of Cassandra his Sistrasse, and because his stile is not common, nor haue I heard our English Poets write in that vaine, marke it, and I will rehearse it, for I haue learned it by hart.

RON-

RONSARDS DESCRIPTION OF HIS

Mistis, which he weres in his hand in
Purgatory.

Downe I sat,
I sat downe,
Where *Flora* had bestowed her graces:
Greene it was,
It was greene
Far passing other places,
For art and nature did combine
With sights to witch the gasers eie.

There I sat,
I sat there
viewing of this pride of places:
Sraight I saw,
I saw straight
the sweetest faire of all faces:
Such a face as did containe,
Heauens shine in euery vaine,

I did looke,
Looke did I,
and there I saw *Apollos* wyers:
Bright they were,
They were bright,
with them *Auroras* head he tires,
But this I wondred how that now,
They shadowed in *Cassanders* bow.

Still I gazde,
I gazde still,
spying *Lunas* mylke white glasse:
Commixt fine,
Fine commixt,

With

out of Purgatorie.

37

With the mornings ruddie blase,
This white and red their seating seekes,
Vpon *Cassandraes* smiling cheekes,

Two stars then,
Then two stars
 passing Sunne or Moone in shine:
Appearde there,
There appearde,
 and were forsooth my mistris eie.
From whence prowd *Cupid* threw his fire,
To set a flame all mens desire.

Brests she had,
She had brests,
 White like the siluer done:
Lie there did,
There did lye,
 Cupid ouergrowne with loue.
And in the vale that parts the plaine,
Pitcht his tent there to remaine,

This was she,
She was this,
 the fairest faire that ere I see,
I did muse,
Muse did I,
 how such a creature fond could be,
A voice replied from the Aire,
Shee alone and none so faire.

This was Ronsards description of his mistres, and he is
forced to hold it in his hand, that euery time he castes his
eyes on it, he may with sighs feel a secret toymment, in that
hee once loved too much being aliue. A little aboue sat
the ghost of a young gentlewoman that had been false to
her

her husband, she should haue bene grievously tormen-
ted: but that she bestowed an annuities for thre yeres
pension vpon a morew masse preste, who so laboured it
with dirges, trentals and masses Ad requiem, that she
had no other punishment but this, that her beautifull
haire wherein she so much delighted, and whose tramels
was a traine to intrappe young gentlemen, that now
was clipt off bare to the scull, and so she sat ashaunde and
mourning: the cause as I learnde was this.

Why the Gentlewoman of Lyons sat with her haire clipt
off in Purgatory.



In the Cittie of Lyons there dwelt a Gen-
tleman of good account amongst his neigh-
bors, called Monsieur Perow: this gentle-
man hauing land and reuenues sufficient
to maintaine his estate, thought fullie to
heape to himselfe content, and therefore
sought out a yong virgin of equall parentage to himselfe,
with whom he had a sufficient dowry, and her he loued,
and she likte him, and so they married, liuing in good esti-
mation amongst their Tenants. As they were thus lin-
ked together in wedlock, so it seemed in outward appea-
rance, that they were so straitly tied in affection, as no
meanes might alienate. But women whom nature hath
framde to be inconstant, cannot be altered by norture: the
Walme will grow strait though it be neuer so depressed,
and a wanton will be a wanton, were she married to Cu-
pid, and so it proued by Maria, for so was y gentlewomans
name: who because she was faire, had many suitors, that
attempted to be rivals with her husband in her loue: a-
mongst the rest as she resolved to choose one, there was a
yong amorous youth of Lionscalde Pier, he sought diuers
meanes to creep into her fauor, past by her house, and cast
up looks that pleded for pittie, and had banded him again
glances

glauces that foreboded good will: Thus with interchange of fauours they liued. Pier seeking opportunity how to reueale his minde to Maria, at last as he walked one day forth the towne, he saw where she was walking on, ly with one of her maides, taking therefore opportunity by the forehead he slept to her, and began to court her with sundry protestations of his loue, which had been long and so surely set as no dispaire coulde race out, promising not onely to be a faithfull seruant in constancie: but to be so carefull of her honour as of his own life: and for your grauitie, think Diſires quoth he, that faults in affections are sleight follies, that Venus hath whines to shade her trewantes, & Cupids winges are shelters for such as venter far to content their thoughts, vnſene is halfe pardoned, and loue requires not chastity, but that her ſouldiers be chary. Maria hearing the wag thus play the Orator, hauing loue in her eyes, and desire in hart: after a fewe faint denials, thrusting him away with the little finger, and pulling him to her with the whole hand, she graunted him that fauour to be cald her seruant. Graced thus, he grew in such credite, that there was no man with Maria but Pier, hauing thus a loue beside her husband, although hee was a faire man and well featured, yet shee found fault with him, because he was a meacocke and a milkesoppe, not daring to drawe his sworde to reuenge her wrongs: wherefore shee resolved to entertaine some ſouldier, and so shee did: for one Signyor Lamberto a braue Gentleman, but some thing hard facde, sought her fauour and found it, and him shee entertained for her Champion.

Thus had shee a white liuerd Adon to ſeede her eye with beautye, and a ſtout Hercules to reuenge all her wrongs with his sword, and a poze husband to shadowe both with his hornes. Lying thus contentedlye in her owne conceite, her husband went into the Countrey to a Farme of his, and thither with him he carried his wife,

where hee passed away many merry daies in such pleasure as Contrie sports can afford: at last serious affairs forcing him to it, he rid his way for thre or foure daies to certaine of his friends there adioyning. Maria seeing her husband gone, thought not to let time slip, nor to lose opportunity: and therefore the next day after sent for Pier, who hasted as fast as might be, till he came to his Mistres, where he had such friendly intertainment as fitted both their humours: she caused her maide to make great chere, and as soone as it was readye, to dinner they went, where they were scarce set, but one knocked at the doore, the maide looked out, and it was Signior Lamberto, she ran and told her Mistres: who fearefull that he should see Pier or know of him, hid him vnder the bed, and commanded her maid to bid Signior Lamberto come vp, she like a cunning Cortizan giuing him such fauourable intertainment as though hee were the man whom about all other she made account off: Faith swete (quoth hee) I heard thy husband was from home, and so I took my nag and came gallopping hither: set him into the stable quoth the Mistres: No quoth (Signior Lamberto) let him bee there still and bite of the bidle, for my businesse is such as I will onelye dine with you, and then bid you farewell: with that he sat him downe to dinner. While Pier lying close vnder the bed, thinking every minute an houre till he were gone: as thus they sat in their cuppes and were wantonlye quaffing one to another: came in the maide running, and said, her Maister came riding. at this Signior Lamberto started vp and was amazed, but the gentlewoman was in a feare, that had two louers at once in her house, and yet could haue hidden them both had it not bene for the horse that stood tied in the Court yarde: wel a shift must be had, and where sooner the out of a womans head. What shall I doe quoth Signior Lamberto: marry I pray you good sweet hart, quoth she, to saue your owne credit and mine, drawe your sword and goe downe the staires.

staires, and as you go, sweare and say, that you shall finde
 a time and place moze conuenient, when you will bee re-
 uengde to the vttermoſt: so he did, & by that time was the
 Gentleman of the house come in, who maruailed to see a
 horse tied in the Court, and therefore alighting off, came
 by the staires, and as he came, met Lamberto with his
 sword drawn, and his face full of frownes, swearing,
 when fitter time and place would serue, hee woulde re-
 uenge and that with extremetye. What is the matter,
 quoth the Maister of y^e house: he answered nothing, but put
 vp his sword, took horse & away towards Lions. As soon as
 the gentleman came vp, he found his wife amazed, sitting
 in the hall in the middelt of the flowre, as halfe beside her
 selfe: what is the matter wife (quoth he) that thou art so
 amazed, and that Signio? Lamberto went downe with
 his sword drawn in such a rage? Ah husband (quoth
 she) as I late here at my worke, came running into
 the Court yarde, a proper young man having throwne
 away his Cloake and his Hatte, and desired me, as I
 tendered the state of a man, to saue his life, so Signio?
 Lamberto would kill him: I pittying his case, kept in
 and hidde him in my bed Chamber: with that came Sig-
 nio? Lamberto gallopping, dismounted in the court, and
 drawing his sword, came running vp and woulde haue
 broken open my chamber doore, but that on my knees I in-
 treated him to the contrary: at my request hee went his
 way frowning as you see, and so he is rode to Lions: the
 poore young man (alas) husband, lyes hid vnder the bed
 in great feare: and this tale she tolde so lowde, that Pier
 heard euery word, and therefore had his lesson what he
 should answer: smyling at the prompt witte of his Mi-
 stres that had so sodaine a shift. Bidde him come out
 wife quoth he: then she oapte the doore, and Pier he came
 as one greatly affrighted from vnder the bed. The Gen-
 tleman seeing him a proper young man and weaponlesse,
 had pittie on him and saide: hee was glad that his house

was a sanctuarie for him, and greatlye commended his wife that she had saved him from the fure of Signior Lamberto. whom all Lions accounted a most desperate man: vpon this taking Pier by the hand, they sat downe to dinner, and when they had taken their repast, the gentleman very curteouslye conducted Pier home to Lions. Now for because shee was thus inconstant, shee to qualifie her pride and insolence, sate in Purgatorie with the punishment afoze rehearsed.

This tale being ended, I looked a little further, and I might see where a young man and a young woman sate together naked from the middle vpward, and a very olde man whipping of them with nettles: they as persons that little regarded his punishment, woulde often times kisse, and then the olde man as one inwardly vexed, woulde bestirre all his strength to torment them: the reason of this strange shewe was thus discoursed vnto mee.

The tale of the two Louers of Pisa, and why they were whipt in purgatory with nettles.



In Pisa a famous Cittie of Italye, there lined a Gentleman of good linage and landes, feared as well for his wealth, as honoured for his vertue: but indeed well thought on for both: yet yet better for his riches. This Gentleman had one onelye Daughter called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all, and desired of many: but neither might their lutes, nor her owne peneaile about her fathers resolution, who was determined not to marrye her, but to such a man as should be able in abundance to maintain the excellency of her

her beauty. diuers yong gentlemen proffered large scoff-
ments, but in vaine: a maide shee must bee still, till at last
an olde Doctor in the towne that professed Physicke, be-
came a sutoe to her, who was a welcome man to her fa-
ther, in that he was one of the welthiest men in all Pisa,
a tall stripling he was and a proper youth, his age about
foure scoze, his heade as white as milke, wherein soe of-
fence sake there was left neuer a tooth: but it is no mat-
ter, what he wanted in person he had in the purse, which
the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wishing rather to
tie her selfe to one that might fit her content, though they
liued meanelly, then to him with all the wealth in Italye.
But shee was yong and focest to follow her fathers dire-
ction, who vpon large couenants was content his daugh-
ter should marry with the Doctor, and whether she likte
him or no, the match was made vp, and in shozt time she
was married. The poore wench was bound to the stake
and had not onely an olde impotent man: but one that
was so iealous, as none might enter into his house with-
out suspicion, noe shee doo any thing without blame: the
least glance, the smallest countenance, any smile was a
manifest instance to him, that shee thought of others bet-
ter then himselfe: thus he himselfe liued in a hell and tor-
mented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At last it chaunced,
that a young Gentleman of the Citie comming by her
house, and seeing her looke out at her window, noting her
rare and excellent proportion, fell in loue with her, and
that so extreame, as his passions had no meanes till
her fauour might mittigate his heart like discontent.
The yong man that was ignorant in amorous matters,
and had neuer beene vled to Courte anye Gentlewoman,
thought to reueale his passions to some one frend, that
might giue him counsaile for the winning of her loue,
and thinking experience was the surest Maister, on a
daye seeing the olde Doctor walking in the Church,
that was Margarets Husband, little knowing who
he

he was, he thought this the fittest man to whom he might
 discover his passions, so that hee was olde and knewe
 much, and was a Physician that with his Drugges might
 helpe him forward in his purposes: so that seeing the old
 man walke solitary, he icinde vnto him, and after a cur-
 teous salute, tolde him that he was to impart a matter of
 great import vnto him: wherein if hee would not onely
 be secrete, but indeuour to pleasure him, his pains should
 bee euery way to the full considered. You must imagine
 gentleman, quoth Mutio, so so was the Doctors name,
 that men of our profession are no blabs, but hold their se-
 crets in their hearts bottome, and therfore reueale what
 you please, it shall not onely be concealed, but cured: if ei-
 ther my art or counsaile may do it. Upon this Lionell, so
 was the young Gentleman called, told and discoursed vnto
 him from point to point how he was false in loue with
 a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profession
 discovered her dwelling and the house, and so that hee
 was vnacquainted with the woman, and a man little ex-
 perienced in loue matters, he required his fauour to fur-
 ther him with his aduise. Mutio at this motion was
 stung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hee was fal-
 len in loue withall: yet to conceale the matter, and to ex-
 perience his wiues chastity, and that if the plaide false, he
 might be reuenged on them both: he dissembled the mat-
 ter, and answered: that he knewe the woman very well,
 and commended her highly: but saide she had a Churle to
 her husband, and therfore he thought shee woulde bee the
 more tractable: trie her man quoth hee, sainte hart neuer
 wonne faire Lady, and if shee will not be brought to the
 bent of your bowe, I will provide such a potion as shall
 dispatch all to your owne content, and to giue you fur-
 ther instructions for oportunitie, knowe that her husband
 is forth euery after none from thence till sixe. Thus farre
 I haue aduised you, because I pittie your passions as my
 seife being once a lover: but now I charge thee reueale it
 to

to none whomsoever, least it do disparage my credit, to meddle in amorous matters. The yong Gentleman not onely promised all carefull secrecy, but gaue him hartly thanks for his good counsell, promising to meete him there the next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almost mad for feare his wife any way should play false: he saw by experience, braue men came to besiege the castle, and seeing it was in a womans custodie, and had so weake a gouernor as himselfe, he doubted it would in time be deliuered vp: which feare made him almost franticke, yet he bide of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his riuall. Lionello he hastes him home and sutes him in his brauerie, and goes downe towards the house of Mutio, where he sees her at her window, whome he courted with a passionate look: with such an humble salute, as she might perceiue how the Gentleman was affectionate. Margareta looking earnestly vpon him and noting the perfection of his proportion, accounted him in her eye the flower of all Pisa, thinke her selfe fortunate, if she might haue him for her friend, to supply those defaults that she found in Mutio: sundry times that afternoone he past by her window, and he cast not vp more louing looks, then he received gracious fauours: which did so incourage him, that the next day betwene thre and foure hee went to her house, and knocking at the doore, desired to speake with the Mistress of the house, who hearing by her maide description what he was, commaunded him to come in, where she intertained him with all curtesie.

The youth that neuer before had given the attempt to court a Ladye, began his exordium with a blasse: and yet went forward so well, that hee discourst vnto her howe hee loued her, and that if it might please her so to accept of his seruice, as of a friende euer bounde in all duetie to be at her commaunde, the care of her honour should be darer to him then his life, and hee would be

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ready

ready to pyse her discontent with his blood at all times.

The Gentlewoman was a little coye, but befoze they past they concluded, that the next day at foure of the clock hee should come thither and eat a pounde of Cherries, which was resolved on with a succado des labres, and so with a loath to departe they tooke their leaues. Lionello as ioyfull a man as might be, hyed him to the church to meete his olde Doctor, wher hee found him in his olde walke: what newes sayd quoth Mutio? how haue you sped? Euen as I can wishe quoth Lionello. For I haue been with my Distresse, and haue found her so tractable, that I hope to make the olde peasant her Husband looke broad headed by a paire of bellowantlers. How deepe this stroke into Mutios hart, let them imagine that can coniecture what ielousie is, insomuch that the olde Doctor asked when should be the time: mary quoth Lionello, to morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternone, and then Maister Doctor quoth hee, will I dub the olde Squire knight of the forked order.

Thus they past on in that, till it grew late, and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his house, couering all his sorowes with a merrye countenance, with full resolution to reuenge them both the next day with extremetie. He past the night as patiently as he could, and the next day after dinner awaye hee went, watching when it should bee foure of the clocke, at the houre instly came Lyonello, and was intertained with all curtesie: but scarce had they kist, ere the maide cried out to her Distresse that her Maister was at the doore: so he halted, knowing that a horne was but a little while on grasting: Margaret at this alarum was amazed, and yet for a whiste chopt Lionello into a great driefatte full of feathers, and sat her downe close to her worke: by that came Mutio in blowing, and as though hee came to loke somewhat in haste, called for
the

the Keyes of his Chambers, and looked in euery place, searching so narrowlye in euerye corner of the house, that he left not the very priuie vnsearcht: seeing he could not finde him, hee saide nothing, but faying himselfe not well at ease, staid at home, so that poore Lionello was faine to stave in the dysfatte till the olde Churle was in bed with his wife: and then the maide let him out at a backedore, who went home with a flea in his eare to his lodging.

Well, the next day he went againe to meete his Doctor, whome hee found in his wonted walke: what newes quoth Mutio? how hane you sped? A pore of the olde slaue, quoth Lyonello, I was no soner in, and had giuen my mistresse one kisse, but the icalous asse was at the dore, the maide spied him and cryed her Maister: so that the poore Gentlewoman for verie shifte, was faine to put me in a dysfatte of feathers that stood in an olde Chamber, and there I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and a sleepe, and then the maide let me out and I departed.

But it is no matter, tis but a chaunce, and I hope to crye quittance with him ere it be long: as how quoth Mutio? Herry thus, quoth Lyonello: she sent me word by her maide this daye, that vpon Thursday next the olde Churle suppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Pisa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all: It is well quoth Mutio, Fortune bee your frænde: I thank you quoth Lyonello, and so after a little more prattle they departed.

To bee shorte, Thursdaye came, and about sixe of the Clocke south goes Mutio, no further then a freendes house of his, from whence hee might descrye who went into his house, straight hee sawe Lionello enter in: and after goes hee, insomuche that hee was scarcely sitten downe, before the Mayde cryed

out againe, my maister comes, the good wife that before had provided for afterclaps, had found out a priuie place between two selings of a plancher, and there she thrust Lionello, & her husband came sweating, what newes quoth shee, dines you home againe so soone husband? Marrye swete wife quoth he, a fearefull dreame that I had this night which came to my remembrance, & that was this: me thought there was a villeine that came secretly into my house with a naked poinard in his hand, and hid himselfe: but I could not finde the place, with that mine nose bled, and I came backe: and by the grace of God I will seeke euery corner in the house for the quiet of my minde. Marrye I pray you do husband, quoth she: with that he lockt in all the doores, and began to search euery chamber, euery hole, euery chest, euery tub, the very well, he stabbd euery fetherbed through, and made hanocke, like a mad man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and hee bega to blame his eies that thought they saw that which they did not: vpon this he rest halfe lanaticke, & all night he was very wakefull, that towards the morning he fell into a dead slepe, and then was Lionello conueighed away.

In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought how by no meanes hee should be able to take Lyonello tardy: yet he laid in his head a most dangerous plot, and that was this: Wife quoth he, I must the next Monday ride to Vycensa to visit an olde patient of mine, till my returne, which will be some ten dayes, I will haue thee staye at our little grange house in the Countrey: marrye very well content husband, quoth she: with that he kist her, and was verie pleasant, as though he had suspected nothing, and away hee flinges to the Church, where hee meetes Lionello: what sir quoth he what newes, is your mistresse yours in possession: no, a plague of the old slave quoth he: I thinke he is either a witch, or els workes by Magick: for I can no longer enter in the doores, but he is
at

at my backe, and so he was againe yesternight: for I was not warme in my seate before the maide cried, my maister comes: and then was the poore soule faine to conuynge me betwene two seelings of a chamber in a fit place for purpose: wher I laught hartely to my self, to see how he sought euery coynner, ranlackt euery tub, and stadd euery featherbed: but in vaine, I was safe enough till the morning, and then when he was fast asleep, I lept out. fortune frowns on you quoth Mutio: I but I hope quoth Lionello this is the last time, and now shee wil begin to smile: for on monday next he rides to Vicenia, and his wife lyes at a grange house a little of the towne, and there in his absence I will reuenge all forepassed misfortunes: God send it be so quoth Mutio, & so took his leave. These two louers longd for monday, & at last it came, early in the morning Mutio boynd himselfe, and his wife, his maide, and a man, and no more, and away he rides to his grange house, where after he had byok his fast he took his leane, & away towards Vicenza. He rode not far ere by a false way he returned into a thicket, & there with a company of Cuntry peasants lay in an ambuscade to take the young Gentleman: in the afternoone comes Lionello gallopping, and as soon as he came within sight of the house he sent back his horse by his boy, & went easily a foot, & there at the very entry was entertaynd by Margaret, who led him by the staires, and conuaid him into her bedchamber saying he was welcome into so mean a cottage: but quoth she, now I hope fortune shal not enuy the purity of our loues. Alas alas mistris cried the maid, here is my maister, & I see men with him, with bills & stanes: we are betrayed quoth Lionel & I am but a dead man: feare not quoth she, but follow me, and straight she carried him downe into a lowe parlor: where stode an olde rotten chest full of writings, she put him into that, and covered him with olde papers and evidences, and went to the gate to meet hir husband: why sigmo? Mutio. What means this hurly burly quoth she: what a shamelesse drummet as thou art, thou shalt know by and by quoth he. Where is thy loue: all we haue watcht him & seen

him enter in: now quoth he, that neither thy tub of feathers
 no; thy seeking serue, for perith he shall with fire, or els fall
 into my hands. So the worst ielous soule quoth she. I aske
 thee no fauour: with that in a rage he beiet y house round,
 and then set fire on it. Wh in what a perplexitie was poore
 Lionello that was shut in a Chest, and the fire about his
 eares: and how was Margaret passionat, that knew her lo-
 uer in such danger: yet she made light of the matter and as
 one in a rage called her maid to her & said: Come on wench
 seeing thy master mad with ielousie hath set the house & al
 my liuing on fire, I will be reuengd vpon him, help me her
 to lift this old chest where all his writings & dauds are, let
 that burne first, and as soon as I see that one fire I will walk
 towards my friends: for the old soule will be beggard, and I
 will refuse him. Mutio that knew al his obligations and sta-
 tutes lay there, puld her back, and bad two of his men car-
 ry the Chest into the feld, and see it were safe, himself stan-
 ding by and seeing his house burnd downe sticke and stenc.
 He quieted in his minde he went home with his wife, and
 began to flatter her, thinking assuredly y he had burnd her
 Paramour, causing his chest to be carried in a Cart to his
 house at Pisa, Margaret impatient wet to her mothers, and
 complained to her and to her brethren of y ielousie of her
 husband, who maintained her it be true, and desired but a
 daies respite to proue it: wel hee was bidden to supper the
 next night at her mothers. She thinking to make her daugh-
 ter and him friends againe. In the meane time he to his
 wonted walk in the Church, & there prater expectationem
 he found Lionello walking: wondring at this, he straight
 enquires what newes: what newes Haister Doctor quoth
 he, & he fell in a great laughing: in faith yesterday I scapt a
 scowring, for syrrha I went to the grange house, where I
 was appointed to come, and I was no soner gotten by the
 Chamber, but the magicall villaine her husband beiet the
 house with bills & staves, and that he might be sure no sa-
 ling no; corner should shrowde me, he set the house on fire:
 and

and so burnt it down to the ground: why quoth Mutio, and how did you escape? alas quoth he, wel fare a womans wit she conueighed me into an old chest ful of writings, which she knew her husband durst not burne, and so was I saved and brought to Pisa, and yesternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This quoth he, is the pleasantest iest that euer I heard: and vpon this I haue a sute to you, I am this night bidden forth to supper, you shall be my guest, onelye I will craue so much fauour, as after supper so; a pleasant spo;te, to make relation what successe you haue had in your loues: so; that I wil not sticke quoth he, and so he carried Lionello to his mother in lawes house with him, and discovered to his wifes breth;en who he was, and how at supper he would disclose the whole matter: so; quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets husband: at this all the breth;en had him welcome. & so did the mother to. & Margaret she was kept out of sight: supper time being come, they fell to their victuals, & Lionello was earrowst vnto by Mutio, who was very pleasant to draw him to a merry humo; that he might to the ful discourse the effect & so; tones of his loue. Supper being ended, Mutio requested him to tel to the Gentleman, what had hapned betwixen him & his mistresse. Lionello with a smiling countenance began to describe his Mistresse, the house and street where she dwelt, how he fell in loue with her, & how he vsed the counsell of this Doctor, who in al his affaires was his secretar;e. Margaret heard all this with a great scare, & whē he came at the last point she caused a cup of wine to be giue him by one of her sisters wherein was a ring that he had giuen Margaret: as he had told how he escapt burning, and was ready to confirme all so; a troth, the Gentlewoman drunke to him: who taking the cup and seing the ring, having a quick wit & a reaching head, spide the fetch, and perceiued that all this while this was his louers husband, to whome hee had revealed these escapes: at this drinking y wine, and swallowing the ring into his mouth, he went so; ward: gentlemē quoth he, how like

like you of my lones and my fortunes: wel quoth the Gentle-
 man, I pray you is it true: as true quoth he, as if I would
 be so simple as to reueal what I did to Maagarets husband:
 for know you gentlemen, that I knew this Mutio to be her
 husband whom I notified to be my lover, and for y he was
 generally known through Pisa to be a iealous fool: therfore
 with these tales I brought him into this paradise, which
 indeed are follies of mine owne bzaine: for trust me by the
 faith of a gentleman I neuer spake to the woman, was ne-
 mer in her companie, neither doe I know her if I see her. At
 this they all fell in a laughing at Mutio, who was ashamed
 that Lionello had so scott him: but all was well, they were
 made friends, but the iest went so to his hart, that he st out-
 ly after died, and Lionello enjoyed the Ladye, and for that
 they two were the death of the old man, now are they pla-
 gued in purgatoꝝ, and he whips them with Nettles.

Allone as I had passed over these two of Pisa, I looked a-
 bout and saw many moꝝe, as mad and pleasant as the rest:
 but my time was come that I must to y iudge to be censu-
 red, what punishment I should haue my self for al the mad
 wanton tricks that I did when I was aliue, faith at last
 because they knew I was a boone companion, they appoin-
 ted that I should sit and play Iigs all day on my Taber to
 the ghosts without ceasing, which hath brought me into such
 use, that I now play far better then when I was aliue: for
 pꝛoꝛe thou shalt heare a hoꝛnepipe: with that putting his
 pipe to his mouth the first stroak he strucke I started, and
 with that I waked, & saw such concourse of people through
 the fields, that I knew the play was down, wherupon rising
 vp and smiling at my dream, and after supper took my pen,
 and as neer as I could set it down, but not halfe so
 pleasantly as he spake it, but howsoeuer, take
 it in god part, and so farewell.

FINIS.

